EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE Post-Dispatch says Gitteau was the crank to Conk's machine.

As a business and mercantile center Kirksville, has or will soon, have exhausted her possibilities. Her future booms, if she has any, must be in the direction of manufacturing industries. Business men should keep thinking of this till some action is taken.

A PETITION representing thirty thousand names has been presented to the Georgia legislature asking that a proposition for prohibition be submitted to the people at the next election. The temperance movement seems to have made great progress in the South re- rocks to keep dry.

land as well as this country. The peoclear sunshine that it is having an extensive effect. A number of riflemen engaged in the shooting tournament culiarities. Gen. Sherman and Dr. Maat Wimbeldon were overcome with heat on Friday.

We suppose Senator Conkling and 31 stalwart members of the New York legislature teel that they have gained a great victory by preventing the 71 republicans from electing two U. S. Senators to fill the vacancies made by the disgraceful resignation of Conkling and Platt, they are welcome to all the glory heir course in this matter may bring

The Graphic, in reply to the insinnations of the Democrat would say that it has but one hand out of its seven slow enough to pit against the Democrat compositors, and he is the new Devil who has only been at work two weeks. Enough matteris put into type in the Graphic office each week to make three issues of the Democrat. and in addition last week we turned out nearly fifty dollars worth of job work. Don't understand us to be bragging for this is the dull season when work is a little slack. Hard work is an excellent antifat remedy, and would do the Democrat typos good if tney would try it. she told him,"John, I love you for your But they are not likely to get the generosity, respect you for your intelli chance in that sleepy old concern.

The cotton returns to the Agricultural Department, July, show an increase in the condition of cotton since the report of June. The average condition is 95 against 100 same time last year. The plant is generally reported small and ten days late. The hot and ton dry weather is almost universal but except in southern and Western Texas no injuiry is reported. Alabama and Georgia both report a better condition than last year, while Texas and Arkansas are lower. Insect injuries are seldom mentioned

The condition of wheat as reported July 1, is much better than June 1, and averages 83 for the whole country. The Atlantic states tall off slightly as compared with returns for the same time last year, but the large wheat region north of the Ohio river and west of the Mississippi return a low condition compare with 1880. Michigan reports only sixty-four per cent and Illinois sixty. Ohio and Indiana are below last year but report a fair prospect. Missouri and Kansas each make great complaint of damage from insects. In the spring wheat states Iowa alone returns a condition much lower than last year and which is only 72.

The increase of area planted in corn is nearly 2 per cent over 1880. The average condition of the crop is not so high as the last two years and is 90 against in his sophomore year, and the village 100 last year. In all the North Atlantic States the crop is backward owing to the cold wet spring, but in the States his father; 'cheese it cully, shove us outh of Delaware river and on the Gulf of Mexico it is reported fair. Texas however, reports serious injury from twice't the money to hear Ben rattle off drouth. In the great corn producing Greek jest like a livin' language." regions bordering on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers the average is below last year, particularly in the State of Iowa which only reports a condition of 1877 caused by the cold spring and too much rain in June. In Illinois and Missouri the condition reported is very favorable.

During Postmaster-General Key's an attorney in a suit then pending, had been read by the postmaster of the town in which the attorney had lived, ding all persons employed in the postal service to read the contents of postal cards. The regulation is still in force: The law prescribes a penalty this rule cannot be enforced unless the party in violation tells what he has It read; but therein lies the harm. really amounts to nothing so tar as the reading is concerned, but the communication of it may be expensi ve fun.-

SCISSOR GRAPHICS.

Spirits are composed of-Well, gnome

Sitting Bull is on his second annual

With fly time comes flight time-to-The sun of ingratitude often sours

the milk of human kindness. The man who had an elephant on his

hands has had them amputated.

A South End maiden wants to knew how to avoid having a mustache come on her upper lip. Eat onions, sis.

A Kansas evelone blew a man baldheaded. The wig was a new one, and is a total loss.

It rains so hard in some portions of and California that the fish scoot under the

A negro aged 110 has just been mar-ried in Georgia, and the papers are THE TROPIC wave has reached Eng- wishing him a long and happy life.

A look of abstraction and a wart on ple there are so little accustomed to the chin was the costume worn by a Piute squaw at a recent fandango.

Great men often posess the same pe-

A Hartford lunatic imagines he is Buffalo Bili and runs like the mischnef every time "Indians" is yelled at him. A Detroit peet has written a 20

line poem on "My Grandfather's Hat." It is a very verse-a-tile production. Green cucumbers are not connected

with any secret society, but they can teach you many grips and sighin's. Mr Sleeper and Miss Drowsey were married in Montgomery last week.

The union no doubt will prove a nap-"Honesty is the best policy." But you have to pay the premiums in this world and realize on your insurance in

"I was taken out by a young lady friend the other evening, said Jones. "Is that so?", said Smith, "you are gen-

erally taken in. Apropos of the Jeannette search it may be well to remark that the pole hunters are becoming just as difficult of discovery as the pole.

There was a voting man from the Mission. Who spent all his Sundays as laben?; He said Hades, for Hell, When they didn't blue well.

For he read the Revised Edition.

"I have remained single from choice said Miss Neverwed. "Indeed." exclain ed Bogs, "whose choice pray?"

Which was certainly unkind in Beg. The unkindest cut of all was when gence and admire you for your persistency, but I am engaged to Bill Jones and we must part.

melted in Charles Bartine's ice-chest at Connersville. Ind., was found to conpound and in good health." good cool frog story.

An exchange speaks of a new fashior in gait for girls, but a stroll along some even with it." of our streets in the soft summer twihight will convince any one that the old gate yet has a tenacious grip on public

A farmer's daughter in the interior was told by a fortune teller that she would marry a rich stranger and now every time she sees a cloud of dust up press pass the road she takes out her crimps and puts on a winning, sweet look.

Eat green corn as if you were playing on a flute. - Texas Siftings. And along in the dim and silent watches of the night your neighbors will think you are playing on a steam clarionette with bagpipe attachments.

It is now announced that Gen. Grant will become an editor. The General is determined to keep right along until he reaches the highest point of honor attainable by mortal man. But to succeed he must write more and talk less.

Ox-eyed daisies are grown in pots and sold by our city florists.- | New York Herald. This should be encouraged The flower out here is a pesky weed troy a meadow in one season.-Cincinnati Commercial.

There was joy on the tarm when Ben, the oldost boy, came back from college was proud of him. 'Cheese it cull.' he said, when he met an old friend, the son of a neighbor who joined farms with your flipper, clench stadles, pardy. How his nibs, and what's the new racket? 'It was jest worth more'n

At a fourth of July celebration in a live | Franklin in 1193, western town last week Bourbonism was illustrated in the procession by an old moss-back and his family in an old rickety wagon, drawn by an old spavined horse and a muley cow with rope harness, while the general appearance of the whole outfit was in keeping with the non-progressive ideas of that Bourbonterm he received a complaint that some ism which objects to new ideas, new eninformation, written on a postal card to ergy and new people coming into the

state. Newspaper published in the land of the Greaser are peculiar. The City of talk to. And how busy they are, and Deacon Magruder about that card you and by him been communicated to Mexico, with its illiterate population, the opponent. The Postmaster-Gen- has about a dozen dailies, every one of eral promulgated a regulation forbid- which is subsidized by the Government and managed according to the rules of everything; their haunting dread is the fathers. They are printed at noon of the day preceeding their date and delivery, and when congress is in session in the city it takes two days for them they repay analysis. They appear to of not less than \$100 or more than to get the reports of proceeding before have no sentiment, but they are full of the public. News-giving is not a specific. The keep it for their bushands. department regulations. Of course cialty with them. An attempt was recently made to get eight of the dozen papers to combine and pay \$50 a month each for telegrams, but it failed. The capable, when sufficiently moved, of publishers could wait until news came n the good old-fashioned way, and so they all contentedly announced the resignations of Conkling and Platt just

two weeks after the fact.

WHAT HE HADN'T.

A certain rich man possessed of great wealth was wont to be proud of his posessions and to refer to them often, but withal, he was not a man of intellect. One day he had an old Irishman working for him and he went out to oversee the job. He looked at Pat a minute,

hard at work and then said: "Well, Pat, it's good to be rich, aint

'Yes, sur," said Pat, who had the wit of his nation.

"I own lands, and houses, and bonds,

"I am rich, Pat, very riok." "Yis. sur."

and stocks, and railroads, and-and 'Yis, sur,' said Pat, shoveling away. 'And what is it. Pat. that I havn't

'Not a bit of since, sur, said Pat as he dled it off full of dirt; and the rich man poker under false pretenses. James went into the house and sat down be- read in a paper that an Elmira man had hind the door.

Jokes of the Last Century.

An old newspaper, printed way back in revolutionary days, coatained these witticisms of our daddies, showing that there was an element of tun in life even in the times that tried men's souls:

are excellent things for those who know justly how to appreciate their value. There are men, however, who jubge of James voted the game dull and unfold-

of young Jonathan, and he sang out:

A young lady who was in the habit of spending much of her time in the society of her neighbors happened one day to be taken suddenly ill, and sent her husband, in great haste, for the physician. The husband a few rods-but soon returned, exclaiming: "My dear where shall I find you

A lady at confession, among other to fill from the hand that Deacon Slidheinous crimes, accused herself of erback discarded, and laid down the using rouge. "What is the use of it?" asked the confessor. "I do it to make myself handsomer." "And does it twice, when Deacon Sliderback knockproduce that effect?" so, father." The confessor on this An exchange says: "A block of ice took his penitent out of the confessional into the light, put on his spec-That is a tentively, said: "Well, madam, you point for the lowest hand. The game to seek. may use rogue for you are ugly enough

He Stood the Test For a Free Pass.

A young man of affable manners pre sented himself at the box office of variety show at Petaluma, and requested a

'Hum! What is your department?

'Do, eh? Let me see; What was the

called "white-top," warranted to des- and the answer is. Died in Brazil,1446. was Cleopatra hung?

fore a unick fire.

wart on his chin?'

'Was Queen Elizabeth bandy-legged. or only bandied in one leg? How do you take the inkstains out of marble? 'Inquire at any hardware store Patagonia was discovered by Berjamin

'That settles it,' said the manager check; I see you've got 'em all by heart. Pass right in.'-San Francisco Post.

Analysis of Boston Women.

How noticeable many of the Boston how full of system. They live by rule; dropped under the table, but when a lest they lose a minute of valuable time. glasses of cider in his own store, it is

ing, Deacon Sliderback?" said Ma-Beneath gruder, in a tone of surpressed emotion. all of their -composure they are intense and fervid and volcanic eruptions. When the Boston woman kindles she bursts into a grand Hour.

Deacon Sliderback has a pious aver-sion to cards, which he looks upon as free passes to whatever place may be substituted for the old-tash oned brimstone factory, but he likes to play 'authors, and indulges in that mild dissipation in the bosom of his family, when he can't find a good excuse for remaining down town. Important matters set flour barrel, and when the neighconnected with the church and the great scheme of salvation often compel him to stop out late in consultation with the other deacons, and upon these occa-sions the spiritual condition of the bebenighted heathen is discussed in the back room of Deacon Magruder's grocery. James Bowers, a worldly young man but a very entertaining and live- glaring savagely, and puffing hard for ly companion, takes part in these dis-cussions once in a while, and, it must be confessed, sometimes leads the two worthy deacons away from the subject and the strict path of recititude; but poker deck over the floor. Mr Bowers is a discreet young man, the little slips never leak out. That is they didn't leak out until James inveiglpicked up his wheelbarrow, and trun- ed them into the sinful game of whisky

devised a game of whisky poker to be played with the truly good and harmless author's cards; so he purchased a pack

maux. Magruder held an arg.iment about the amount of saving grace an Esquimaux could absorb, Dubuque's best citizens. After supper, which was interupted by James Bowers making some flippant remark about A good book and a good woman bear's grease, and suggesting a game of authors. The two deacons readily assented, and after playing a while

the cider to make the game interesting.

James dealt the hands, and explained

that the five cards turned down on the

table constituted the "widow" hand,

and that the man holding the aige, had

privilege of exchanging his hand for the

"widow," or knocking and passing the

erback held the aige, and being known

in the community as the friend of the

widows and fatherless, he sustained his

reputation by picking up the "widow."

Deacon Magruder drew "Evangeline"

of Seven Gables." They drew around

showed down. Deacon Magruder

held a Longfellow fullon Dickens, Dea-

had four points and James only two

it being agreed that the man getting 5

points first would be stuck for the drinks

It passed the pack to James, who cut

the "Stones of Venice" for the bottom

card taking a sly glance at it as he did

so. The deacon tossed around the

cards, and Deacon Magruder stood pat

and knocked, while James picked up

the "widow" and threw down his hand.

one of his cards being "Seven Lumps

of Architectuce," which Deacon Slid-

ing down "Pendennis." "Vanity Fair."

ed Deacon Magruder, laying down

"Les Miserables," "L'Homme Qui

Rit," "Ninety- Three," "Toilers of the

Sea" and "Nepoleon the Little," and I

"Hold on." chipped in Deacon Slid-

"Yes, that's what I call it. What

erback, "I can beat that. You say

"Well, I've got a Ruskin flush,"

marked Deacon Sliderback, exultingly.

showing down Modern Painters,

"Deucalion," "Crown of Wild Olives,

'Seven Lamps of Architecture" and

"No you don't!" said Deacon Ma-

"Hugo to thunder!" responded Slid-

"All right then, mine's a flush and

"I wasn't going to say anything

member of the church stoops to such a

thing to get out of setting up his three

time he was shown up. I won't men-

tion it outside this time, though, if von

"Do you mean to accuse me of cheat

"That's about the size of it. I am

it beats yours, because it is pat and

gruder; "that's no better hand than my

Daniel Deronda, and "Romola."

guass that's the best hand out.'

it's a straight, don't you?"

have you got?"

Stones of Venice."

Hugo straight."

only a straight,"

give it in beaten."

you filled."

"I say it's a flush."

"What have you got?" said Deacon

erback eagerly picked up.

Magruder to Mr. Bowers.

and took them along to the propagation

of the true faith among the Esqui-

ed some ideas about making it more inboth from the beauty of the covering. teresting. He knew the deacons were While an old farmer of Connecticut wholly ignorant of the national game was flogging one of his graceless sons of draw, and he explained to them the relative value of pairs, two pairs, and a pumpkin-headed fellow about 18, an so on, The deacons seemed to catch idea all of a sudden entered the head on very readily, and agreed to play for

"Stop, dad-let's argue."

when I get back?"

'You don't claim to be a journalists do you?' asked the manager, glancing suspiciously at the good clothes and innocent expression of the applicant.

Yes I do, though: I'm on the Fleatown Snapper.'

growled the manager.

'I do the Answers to Correspondents, asserted the youth.

fastest mile ever skated backward for money in the United States? 'That question is always signed Nim-

rod, said the young man, promptly; 'Correct,' said the manager. 'When

'Trim with deep ruching and bake be

'Did Oliver Cromwell have a blue B takes the trick, of course.

erback, getting excited; "I claim a promptly shelling out a private box flush, and that beats any straight in the deck. Any fool knows that." "Don't call me a fool, Deacon Sliderback. I've played poker as much as you have, and I say your hand is

women are. They are highly cultured, ntellectual, abound in theories and opinions, and are very interesting to they have an hour and a minute for I like them. They are piquaint studies;

pained to say, sir, and it grieves me that a proffesor of religion should-"O, you dry up, you old fraud," conflagration and is dangerous .- The yelled Magruder. "Didn't I see you deal the 'Stones of Venice' to yourself upon, but some will accept what others Louis Republican.

said anything about it?"

"You're a liar!" "You're another, you dumbfounded

old mulligaloot." Then they clinched and fought all over the store, tripped over a gallon of molasses and rolled in it, and then wallowed around in the contents of an upbors came in, Deacon Magruder was The Betting Young Man from Chicago sitting on the floor with his back against a potato sack. Deacon Sliderback was doubled up in a bushel basket, with his arms hanging outside, and his legs Chicage. No steamer pointing up toward the salt codfish sailed that did not have hanging from the rafters, and both were wind, While James Bowers, Esq., was lying on the counter, choking with laughter, after having gathered up the au-thor's cards and scattered a genuine

The deacons have been trying to explain, but the circumstantial evidence is likely to floor them and cause quite a scandal in the church.—[Boston Star.

THE ARCHIMEDIAN LEVER. The new pump factory of A. Y. Mc-Donald. Dubuque, Iowa, the third largest in the United States, was dedicated by feasting, speeches, and merrymaking, participated in by some of Mr. McDonald, who began life as a poor apprentice, addressed his guests. In speaking of the tuture possibilities of Dubuque he made the following allusion to the value of newspaper assistance: "I would say in this connection that there is one mighty engine to be used for this end that has in a great measure been neglected by us namely: 'The press. A vigorous, energetic, thrifty press is the index of a live thrifty community, and while the press builds up business, we must also recognize that business must also build up the press Their interests are mutual. The charactor of a city is known by her news papers. Let us advertise a little more. Let us show up what we have got. If

the privilege to the next. Deacon Slid- ple know it. WRITING FOR THE PRESS.

we have a good thing we must let peo-

Young writers should rid themselves of the popular notion that an article has only to be written and sent to the editor to have it published and the author "Marble Faun," which was snapped made famous. The few practical hints up by Bowers to pair with "The House given in the following paragraphs may smooth the obstacles in the path of a young aspirant for literary honors the right way.

con Sliderback exhibited two pairs A first article is pretty sure to be rejected; perhaps the second, third, fourth Cooper up, and James had three Hawtain a frog weighing a quarter of a tacles, and, having looked at her at. thorns, giving Deacon Sliderback a and maybe more. The reason is not far went along all right until each deacon

Editors, like the heads of other pro fessions, choose experience. They have never a lack of matter to pick fromrather the contrary; and in the interests of the readers of their publications they insert the best. Then for the aspirant there is the bit-

terness of delays; an article is accepted; he receives a note from the editor say that it must be cut down in certain portions.

He readily offers the MS.on any terms It may afterward be months before it appears in print.

The interval, too, between the send-"Two small pairs, 'Thackeray' and ing of the MS, and the receipt of the George Eliot," replied James, showusual "compliments and thanks" is generally utilized by the author in building air-castles on his supposed success. "I've got a Hugo straight," remark-

He indulges in a pleasaut little dream in which he sees the editor poring in rapt admiration over his production and laying it reverently aside for the com

The reality may be that the MS, is deposited among a score of others all to be returned to their respective owners in some future and convenient oppor-

First, as regards writing an article, behind where dey lations hab company there must be experience, even in the forming of the sentences.

Editors at times take matter written only where the subject happens to be a novel one, one of great general interest. A choice of interesting topics and

style will only come with practice. In commencing to seek the favor of editors, let the articles sent be brief, this is important.

See that the production is legibly written, well spelled and grammatical. It should also be observed that the journal to which the article is forwarded must be one in which a similar style of matter is commonly to be met with.

its own merits; never trouble the editor | yo. with such remarks as that it comes reccommended by a friend of that per-To say that it is a first attempt will

Above all let the article stand upon

be superfluous; the honorable gentleman at the head of affairs will see that at a glance. Never go from the editor's head to his heart and plead poverty. The aspirant is on a level with a begging letter pleader at once; besides, no editor

so wanting in success as to plead pov-An editor's judgement may be relied

THE DEACON'S GAME OF CARDS. off the bottom of the pack, and never refuse; so if an article be returned from one office do not be charry of sending it to another.

Keep constantly writing, have three or four articles in different offices at once—there are publications enough.— Youths' Companion.

NASBY ABROAD.

From the Toledo Blade We had on board, as a matter o course, the betting young man from young fellow aboard, and there are enough of them to last the Atlantic for a great many years. He knew everything that everybody thinks he knews but does not, and his delight was to propound a query, and then when you half answered it to very cooly and exasperatingly remark:

"Bet yer a botle of wine ye're wrong." The matter would be so simple and one of so common repute that immeia t ely you accepted the wager, only to find that in a minute particular you were wrong, and that the knowing

For instance: "Thompson, do you know how many states there are in the Union?" Now, any citizen of the United States the votes and is eligible to the Presidency ought to know how many States there are in his beloved country without thinking, but how many are there

son answered: "What a question! Of course I know."

who say off-hand? And so poor Thomp-

"Bet yer bottle ye don't" "Done.

"There are—" And then Thompson would find himself figuring the very important problem as to whether Colorado had been admitted, and Nevada, and Oregon. and he would decide that one had and the other hadn't and finally state the number, with great certainty that it was wrong.

The Chicago man's crowning bet occurred the last day out. The smoking room was tolerably full, as well as the occupants, and everybody was bored, as everybody is on the last day. The Chicago man had been silent for an hour, when suddenly he broke out:

"Gentlemen-"Oh, no more bets," was the exclamation of the entire party. "Give us a

you something curious "I say it and mean it. I can drink a glass of water without its going down

ny throat.

"I don't want to bet, but I can show

"And get it into the stomach?" "Certainly. There was a silence of considerable more than a minute. Every man in the room had been victimized by this gatherer of inconsiderate trifles, and there was a general disposition to get the better of him in some way, if possi-Here was the opportunity. How could a man get a glass of water into

his stomach without it going down his throat? Impossible! And so the usual bottle of wine was wagered, and the Chicago man proceeded to accomplish the supposed impossible feat. It was very easily done. All he did was to stand on his head upon the seat that runs around the room and swallow a glass of water.

It went to his stomach but did not go down his threat. And so his last triumph was greater than all his previous ones, for every man in the room had been eager to accept his wager. From that time out, had he wagered to swallow his own head he would have got no takers.

Brudder Renton's Blast.

Look dar, chillun! Look at dem woolly heads hangin'on behind dat kerridge! Don' low ve fader ter cotch one ob yo goin troo de world holdin' on ter anybody's kerridge or coat-tails.

Hangin behind am jiss wot's spilein de present crop of manhood. Ye sees 'em hangin' behind in de backer crop 'spectin ter be help't out at

de end ob de row. Dey have rich 'lations, and dey's allus hangin' behind at de circus doah der be tuk in; hangin' behind ter git a sasser ob de ice-cream freezer; hangin'

ter ravish de second table. Yo fader runs for Jestes ob de Peace an' 'bout 'leben big bucks wants ter be in a very indifferent manner: but it is cornstable ob de township. Dev hangs on ter your fader's coat-tails, spectin' he pull dem all troo. Yo fader kin promise ter do hit, kase dat am polities; but he allus had ter trade dem fob votes 'ginst de candidate wot makes hit hot

fer yo fader. Dese am de fools wot buys second hand furniture; buys second wear clothes at auction; second-hand jewelry ob de pedler, and borrows de newspaper a week old. Allus swinging on behind

samplin' or somebody Dey makes a pintment foh sunrise an' gits dar in time to eat dinner wid

Dev neber pays a note till de Jestis piles de cost on hit. Dev am late ter church an miss

collection.

gran' race ob life. Yo fader keeps dis backer stick in de chimney corner to prevent dis habit ob hangin' behin' gittin' a holt on yo; ter struct yo ter void de tail ob de procesion, an git right on de front seat ob yo editors or the Yale Courant as lying

cares to deal with a contributor who is de turnpike ob life. Den while you libs folks gwine te respect yo, an' wen yo dies yo fader on the editors of all the Yale papers, wont find you ober dar, playin second the Courant, Record and Lit, solemnly fiddle in de hebbenly ostrichy.—St. announce that the Acta Columbiana is

A Bricklayer.

There is at present a great exodus of tourists from this country, as well as an unusual influx of immigrants from Europe. Should Atlantic travel increase hereafter in like ratio, that ocean will become a thoroughfare equal to the railroads, even if not, as an enthuastic lately exclaimed, "Carrying as many gazers over the waters as there is fish in the waters." And what strange fish sometimes float over the surface! Scene on Atlantic steamer. Boston bound, season, January, 1878. Passengers scarce thirty. them is a well-dressed, refined, but silent gentleman, unknown to all the rest. Curiousity at last asserts herself. A gallant prompted thereto by half a dozen of the fair sex, accosts our taciturn passenger in his deck promenade. "Passed you in London." "Ah!" 'Moist climate." "Yes. Bricks have to be sprinkled; when I lav them in our dry climate, no need of it there." Exeuent both in opposite directions, the silent man restored to himself, his interlocutor to the ladies. Great discussion among the latter ensues concerning the discovery of the "incog's" profession. Ten days elapse. Land announced. A second attack on our knight of the trowel is planned and exccuted. "Good morning, sir." "Good morning." "Pardon me, did I understand that you are a brick layer?" "Yes, I lay bricks," was the polite answer of the mysterious man, bowing as he passed on, leaving his interrogator more puzzled than ever. Screams of laughter soon followed at the other end of the deck, and evidently the additional discovery had wrought an unusual commotion among the passengers, all assembled to hear the result of the colloquy. Train approaching Baltimore. The silent man and the inquisitive both on board. Train halts at station. An elegant carriage awaits the former, who busies himself about his baggage. The inquisitive asks the colored footman, who had grinned a hearty welcome to his master: Please tell me, my man, what does this gentleman do? "Do! He's been gwyn on a journey. sah." "Yes, but he said he was a bricklayer." "What dat? He mind his own business. He build many brick houses on his 'state, but he don't do it himself, no more dan you, sah. He ex-governor of Maryland, and got a mighty big property, but he neber talk about it. It don't turn his head, he keeps his mouth shut tight as an ovster and his head as level as a biscuit board."-Denver Inter Ocean.

It is not often that you hear of an editor with a enriosity. accept earthquakes, tornadoes, murders fire and floods as every day occurrences, and even a nitroglycerine explosion next door would not interrupt the routine work of the sanctum very long. But a French editor, and the editor of Lyons paper at that, had a curiosity to know how a person feels when drowning. He therfore put up a job on himself. He arranged to come within a hair's breath of drowning, but was to be pulled out in the nick of time, rolled an a barrel, hauled over the sands, thumped in the stomach and otherwise resuscitated. All went well during the first act. He leaned into the water, refused to struggle and gradually sank from sight. At the proper moment he was hauled up by a rope and act second commenced. was an occasion where an editor was too smart. They rolled him according to programme, and seven or eight men tired themselves out with rubbing him and hanging him up head downwards, but he was a dead man. He may know how it feels to drown, but he'll never trouble the public with a description of his feelings.

He Had His Credential.

It happened in San Antonio, and on ly a short time ago. A seedy-looking 'enss," with a hungry, look about him, walked into the office of the Sunset route and asked to see Col. Andrews, the Vice President of the road, on im-

portant business of a private character. "I want a free pass to get out into the country to pick cotton," said the dilapidated man after the door was locked on the inside.

"You are a newspaper man, I sup-

pose," responded Col. Andrews. "No, I ain't, but I might as well be. I need fresh clothes, can't make a living in the blasted town, and haven't had

a square meal in a month." "Well, if you ain't careful you will be a journalist, sure enough," remark ed Col. Andrews, as he opened a drawer and took out a blank to fill up. Galveston News.

THE MAN WHO RAN A DAILY.

Enough is as good as a feast for some men. A man in Hartford, City-probably a relative of Mark Twain-yearned to run a daily. His yearning was satisfied. He run it three days, the last run being into the ground. In its obituary it says: "Our ambition to run a daily paper has been satisfied for the present. We have had the experience.

If anybody on the Hill hears Dev gits lef by de train; gets lef in to-night any particularly sonorous snorde trade; gits lef in eberyting in de ing, they may know that it is an ex-editor of a defunct city daily putting in a

square night's sleep once more. The Columpia College paner, called Acta Columbiana, described one of the own kerridge an' raise a big dust 'long | with one ear folded under his head as a pillow, while with the other he waved off the flies from the ceiling. Thereup-

